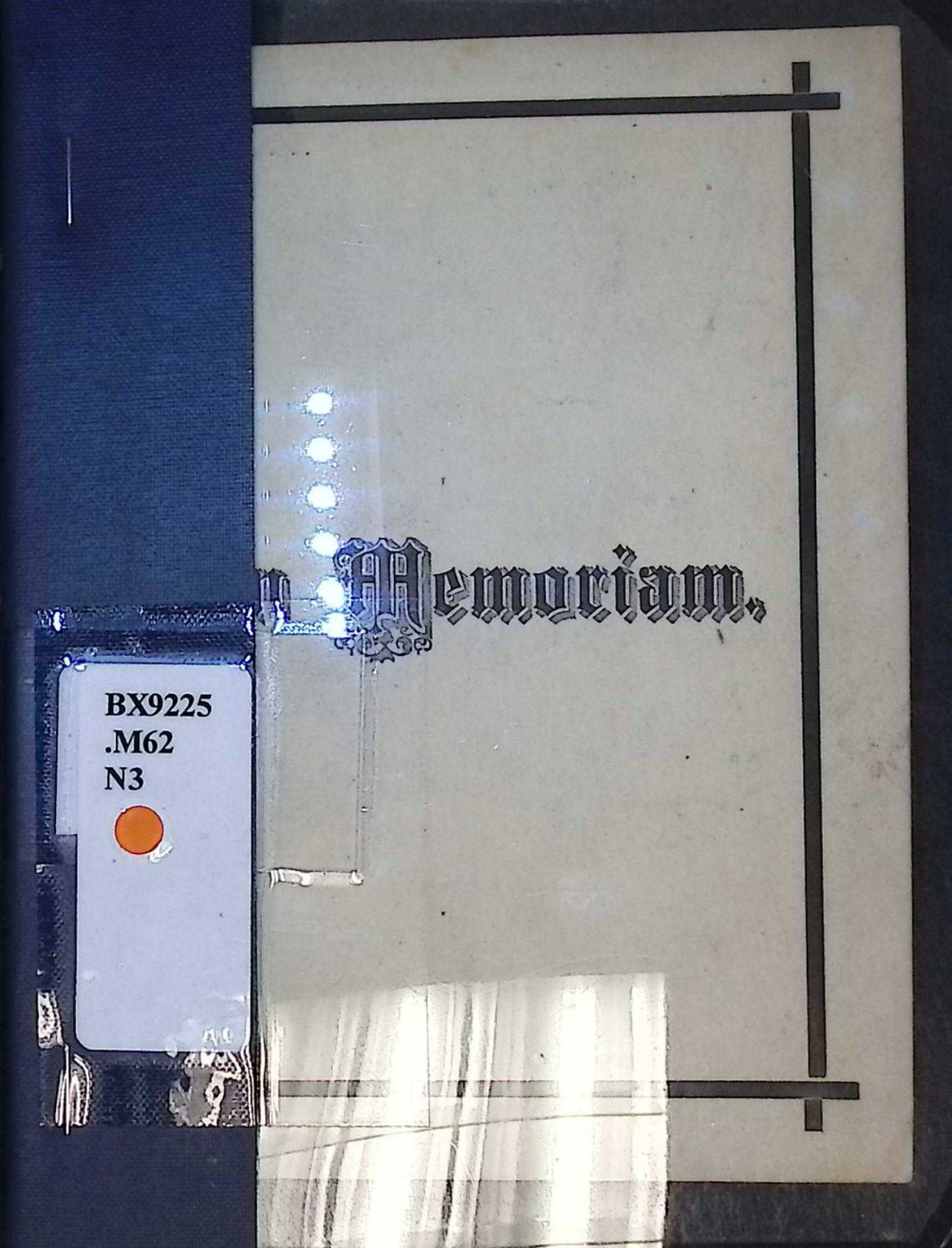
In Memoriam.
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IN LOVING MEMORY

OF

OUR DEAR PASTOR,

T. V. MOORE, D. D.,

BY

THE SESSION

OF

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:

PRINTED AT THE "UNION AND AMERICAN" BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.

1871.

T. V. MOORE, D. D.

Born February 1, 1818.

Died August 5, 1871.

In hope of a better resurrection.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thomas Verner Moore, the beloved Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, was born in Newville, Pennsylvania, on the 1st of February, 1818. He was educated at Hanover College, Indiana, whither he went in 1834, and at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, where he graduated in 1838. In 1839 he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and in 1842 settled in Carlisle Pennsylvania; in 1845 he removed to Greencastle, Pennsylvania, and in 1847 to Richmond, Virginia, where he was the beloved Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, till December, 1868, when he accepted a call to the Pastorate of our Church.

As Moderator of the General Assembly, in 1867, he first met with our people, and though but few of us heard him preach, yet our hearts were wonderfully drawn out to him, so that when, in the autumn of 1868, our pulpit became vacant, almost all eyes were turned to him, with a spontaneity and universality that gave hopeful assurance that it was the work of God, a conclusion fully justified by subsequent events. Though per-

sonally unknown to but very few of us, yet, as the author of "The Last Days of Jesus," especially, many, very many, of us, knew and loved him.

It is not our purpose to undertake, in such a paper as this, a detailed sketch of our dear Pastor's life, and of his literary productions, and contributions to our Church literature, nor to essay a picture of his exceeding loveliness of person and character. We carry in our hearts, daguerreotyped indelibly, the remembrance of much that can find no place in these pages; but we cannot refrain from copying here that sweet hymn (the 458th) which he wrote years ago, the touching beauty of which is in happy consonance with his devotional character:

Father, let Thy smiling face
Here, within this holy place,
Sweetly shining on my heart,
Bid all sinful thoughts depart.

Jesus, Thou whose ceaseless love
Intercedes for us above,
Bend to me Thy listening ear,
Make my wayward heart sincere.

Comforter of all the saints,
Gently heal my soul's complaints;
May a foretaste now be given
Of the Sabbath Day of heaven.

Called to the Pastorate of this Church by the unanimous voice of the congregation, he soon won all our hearts by his gentleness, his quiet dignity, his love, surpassing our most sanguine expectations. Brethren, we call you to witness, this day, that he set us an example in every good word and work;

that he was instant, in season and out of season, in admonition, in reproof, in words of encouragement, of advice, of sympathy, and of tender affection; that he elevated the standard of personal piety, both in our own congregation and elsewhere; that he laid on no man's shoulders burdens he shunned himself to bear; that he was faithful in all things to our people; that while he preached and taught with all the fervor of his soul, and all the convictions and power of truth, the doctrines of our Church, he had a heart of love for all who loved Christ; his catholicity was only bounded by the metes and measures of God's Holy Word.

In the spring of 1869, while attending a meeting of Presbytery at Clarksville, he was seized with a violent attack of pleurisy, from which he never fully rallied, and which developed in him symptoms of disease which slowly, though with hopeful alternations, sapped the fountains of his life, and undermined his health. By the desire of his flock, he visited Florida during the winter of the same year, preceded by a Northern trip in the summer; and again last winter, he turned his face to the land of flowers, where he rapidly improved, until just before his return home, when he underwent an unfavorable change.

Soon after his return from Florida, it became apparent that he was declining gradually, and daily growing feebler. With what alarm his dear flock witnessed these premonitions of the coming catastrophe, their own hearts can bear faithful witness. All was done that the most devoted and untiring love could prompt or do to show the fond affection entertained by them for their dear Pastor, and to mitigate, so far as such agencies could, the severities of his illness. He had looked

forward with the deepest interest to the approaching Communion, eagerly desiring, and fervently praying that God would spare him till that time. His prayers were heard, and answered graciously, and the Lord, in great kindness, accorded him the happiness to see his youngest son, Verner, and his young friend David P. Adams, the son of a beloved and honored Elder, come before the Session of the Church, and ask to become partakers of the Communion of the Lord's Supper. After the boys had been welcomed by the Session, our dear Pastor, too feeble to rise from his chair, beckoned them to kneel before him, and, with his hands upon their heads, and his eyes lifted to Heaven, broke forth in a prayer and benediction which was so patriarchal, so touching, so full of devotion and tender love, that it wrote itself upon the memories and hearts of those present: "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation. God, before whom my fathers did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day—the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads. God make them as Ephraim and Manasseh. May they grow up as David and Jonathan, and become champions of the God of Israel."

The next day was our Communion, and a solemn Communion it was—one that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and participated in its sad but sweet exercises. As the two lads came forward to take upon themselves those solemn vows of consecration to God, that their parents had assumed for them in infancy, oh! brethren, who can ever forget the solemn testimony he bore, on that occasion, to the sustaining and satisfying power of our holy religion, as he

received the vows of these young servants of Christ. "Come nearer, boys," he said, as he feebly reclined over the pulpit; "Come nearer, boys. You are now entering the service of a kind Master; He is a good master, boys. I have been trying, in my poor feeble way, to serve him for between forty and fifty years, and now that I am old and faint, and the end drawing nigh, I can say with truth, this day, that there beats not in any bosom in this house, a happier heart than mine."

After this, he sank more rapidly, and was soon compelled to give up his daily drive, then to recline in a sick chair, then to take to his couch, and, were we permitted to draw aside the veil that excluded that sick chamber from the world, what visions of heavenly brightness and heavenly love would be revealed to our view. His "summer lasted all the year round" —there was never a cloud in his sky—no, not one; never did a doubt assail him; but he lay all the day, holding sweet communion with that dear Jesus whose rod and staff were soon to comfort him and support him through the shadowy darkness of the vale of death, but its gloomy shades were to be irradiated by the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness.

"How are you to-day, Doctor?" inquired a friend.

"As usual," he replied, with a sweet smile—"feeble and happy. It seems to me that ere a wish is well formed, the Lord has granted it; He has so hedged me about with His love, that He leaves me nothing to wish for, but that His holy will be done"—and after a moment's pause, he added: "and to think it is all done for me, who am so unworthy!"

His humility was more and more apparent every day; he seemed to think it strange that he should be the recipient of so many marks of kindness and love from God and man.

Never for a moment did his cheerfulness forsake him. He enjoyed pleasant conversation, and when he was no longer able to participate in it, encouraged it, and gave a smiling, but silent, approval. If he suffered, he let no one know it; every thing that was done for him was the very best thing, and always done just at the right time, and in the right way. Not a murmur, not a complaint, passed his lips, or found expression in a look.

Through all the weary days and nights of his sickness, Jesus never left his faithful servant for a moment, but the everlasting arms of the Beloved were ever around him and under him. His faith was of that deep, abiding, serene, calm, Abrahamic type, that knew no variableness in degree or character, but he seemed to be borne along on a stream of so deep and even a current, that there were no flood-tides, nor ebb-tides; he dwelt in an atmosphere that knew not sultry heats nor wintry temperatures; he was not to-day on the mount of exaltation, and to-morrow in the valley of depression; but his faith possessed strength, clearness, gentleness, continuity and fixedness. His peace of mind was of that sort that "the world can neither give nor take away"—that "passeth understanding"—peculiar to those whose minds "are *stayed* on God." Brethren, let us rejoice together that it is His gift.

One hot and sultry night, he was unable to sleep, and, as he feebly turned in his bed, had every reason to anticipate a night of restlessness and suffering; but the Lord God turned it into a night of blessing—of sweet memories of fruitful mercies. He took a retrospect of his past life, from his earliest recollections of a childish voice going up from the altar of a mother's knee to the Great White

Throne, to the hour that the little boy lay a feeble dying man on his bed—he saw the good Hand leading him along at every step of the journey, never weary, never letting him go—over the rough ways, and through the dark paths of his pilgrimage he could remember the gentle voice of Jesus, "It is I, be not afraid." "O, how sweet! how sweet!" he said, as its memory swept across his mind.

His love for his "dear people," as he delighted to call them, continued even unto the end—it knew no flagging, no varying; and he said that if he had a desire to live, it would be that he might show his gratitude and love to "so noble a people."

He gave the most minute directions in regard to his burial and its antecedent dispositions, and in speaking of his funeral, requested that there should be no funeral sermon, and that the exercises should be characterized by simplicity. "Let my life speak for itself." Yea, his life has indeed spoken for itself; for we, dear brethren, can testify to the faithfulness of his life—how that he came short of no duty to us—that though the body was feeble, the spirit and inner life were strong—that he walked with God, till the companionship had impressed a peculiar beauty and sweetness of expression upon his features; and that after having taught us how to live, he has shown us how to die.

We now come to the supreme hour of his life, when the truth of the religion of Jesus Christ was to be tested by the realities of death—the hour when heart and flesh faileth—and, blessed be God, His promises to our dear friend and Pastor were all "Yea" and "Amen" to the very last. About six o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 4th of August, it became manifest that a few hours would close his earthly career.

With a mind at ease, and a judgment as calm and as just as had directed him in health, he gave quiet, appropriate directions for his comfort, undisturbed by the approaching crisis, and undismayed by the sounding footsteps of the last enemy In fact, he never spoke of his death as something off and separate to itself; it was ever as an incident in his *life*, so that it never loomed up before his vision as a mighty Sinai, but rather as one of the goodly range of Lebanon, fragrant with cedars and sweet perfumes.

And now, within a half hour of the last moment, how fares it with thee, oh, servant of God; how fares it with thee? The pale lip can no longer utter a word, but the eye, undimmed with mortal fear, speaks in silent but unmistakable tones, "All is well." And when the last, last moment came, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, just as a little child falls asleep in its mother's arms. Not a struggle, not a groan, not a sound, disturbed the quiet sweet solemnity of the hour in which the white-robed Angels companied with him to his home in heaven.

For all these dear testimonies and sweet memories God be praised! "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Dear brethren, may our last end be like his!

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare."
He woke, and caught his Master's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

The following letter was written a very short time before his death, and is accompanied by this note. "Have this read the first Sabbath after my death, preceded by reading Acts 20: 17 to end of chapter." T. V. M.

17 ¶ And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the church.
18 And when they were come to him, he said unto them, Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons.
19 Serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befel me by the lying in wait of the Jews.
20 *And* how I kept back nothing that was profitable *unto you*, but have shewed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house.
21 Testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.
22 And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befal me there:
23 Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me.
24. But none of these things moved me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.
25 And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more.
26 Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I *am* pure from the blood of all *men*.
27 For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.
28 ¶ Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the

which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

29 For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock.

30 Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them.

31 Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.

32 And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

33 I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel.

34 Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.

35 I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

36 ¶ And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all.

37 And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him.

38 Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship.

To the Congregation of the
First Presbyterian Church, Nashville.

My Dear People:—I begin to feel that my work on earth is done, and that the time of my departure is at hand. As this time draws near, my heart yearns over you with the most tender affection, and being unable to speak to you, I have concluded to write such things as my strength permits. It seems a strange, mysterious providence, that I should be cut off so soon; for I have every reason to believe that it was my removal here that cost me my life. And yet I do not consider it such an inscrutable mystery. I believe that the partial work I have been able to do here, united with my death, may do more for the Master's cause than five or ten years' continuance of my former pastorate, and that the sacrifice made is not too great. My very sickness has developed a working power in the Church that nothing else could have done; and you have certainly made a noble advance in some things, especially the grace of giving.

If now you can obtain a suitable successor to me, there is a glorious future before you. But here is your first peril. There is no one man who can command the suffrages of the whole Church, who can be obtained. And when you come down to other men, many of whom will thrust themselves on you, there is danger of the formation of parties. This will be a fatal injury to the Church. I beg you all, therefore, to make this vow before God, that whoever may clearly have the majority of the votes, you will accept. He may not be as good a man as your candidate, but any man is better than a distracted Church. Brethren, from my grave, I beg you to beware of factions and factious persons. It is a terrible sin to tear Christ's robe.

But there are other dangers. One is the scattering of the flock, and the loss of some of the less stable sheep. Proselyters will be busy after my departure to entrap the unwary, and will succeed unless you resolve to cling to the Church with new zeal. To prevent this, indoctrinate your children. Ground them in the Shorter Catechism. I have been preaching the doctrines of that catechism all my life, and I am more profoundly convinced to-day that they are the doctrines of the Bible, and of right reason, than when I began my work. They are the doctrines on which a dying man can lean his head, and sweetly fall asleep in Jesus.

Another danger is lowering the tone and standard of Christian character. Once there were broad distinctions between the Church and the World. The former were plainer in dress—refused to dance, attend the theater, opera, etc., and to disregard the Sabbath. I see but little difference now with many. Even the Sabbath is disregarded by traveling on it, by

starting on journies on Saturday, and such sorrowful ways as that which has grieved me so much, decking the graves of our noble soldiers on that day, so many of whom were God-fear-fearing, Sabbath-keeping men—a desecration of the Lord's day that is, I think, peculiar to Nashville; and gives it a most unenviable eminence.

And now, dear brethren, live near to the Cross, and resist the creeping, paralysing influence of worldliness. I leave the Church in your hands, and solemnly charge you to not neglect it.

Brethren of the benches of Elders and Deacons, to you especially do I leave it, with deep anxiety as to your conduct of its interests. I rejoice to say that most of you are trying to do your duty, some nobly and successfully. But are not some of you forgetting your solemn vows? Are not some of you doing less in the special work of the Church than some private members who have taken no solemn vows of office? Pardon me, dear brethren, if I beg you to remember, that you must answer for your treatment of these vows.

There is one painful fact that presses itself upon me in this parting—it is the number I leave out of Christ, some of whom I love so tenderly, and who have been so kind to me. Dear brethren, shall my words be to you a savor of death unto death? Must I rise up with the Ninevites to condemn you in the great day, because you would not listen to the Saviour I preached to you? Oh, hear me from the silence of Eternity! as I say to you again, only Jesus can aid you when the dark hour comes. Then let the seed I have sown, sometimes weeping as I went, spring up after I am dead, and enable me to bring you in as part of my golden sheaves in the mighty harvest of the world, where the angels are the reapers.

And now, brethren, let me turn to my own personal feelings for a moment. You cannot tell how I long over you in the gospel at this hour. Not that I shrink from death, for I am willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. But I have hardly entered on the course of instruction I wished to take you through, and, lo! I am laid aside. But the Master can spare me, and He doeth all things well.

But my heart bleeds to part with you. I came among you a stranger, and you received me as a brother, with a love that was wonderful; indeed, to me, humiliating, so that it has often moved me to tears, I have felt so unworthy of it. You have borne with my infirmities as I think no other people could have done, and made me feel that you were ready to make any sacrifice for me. And it grieves me sorely to part with so noble a people. All of you have been kind, some embodying their kindness in acts as well as words; but there is a little inner circle of dear friends, of whom I cannot speak without the hot tear filling my eye, whose untiring, unceasing acts of love and service, weekly, often daily, bloomed and brightened my path like flowers from heaven. Dear, sweet friends, you know who I mean. I know it will be a sufficient compensation to you to be made aware that the last days of your dying pastor were cheered by these precious little tokens of love; and when his pale and quivering lips could not utter a word, his heart was full almost to bursting with gratitude. May the Lord reward you in that day.

I cannot in such an hour as this avoid anxious feelings about my family—not in respect of any temporal provision, for I hope they will be placed above want. But they will no more have the father's head to guide and command, and the

husband's arm on which to lean, but will have to begin tasting that bitter cup of widowhood and orphanage that has so often been drained by the best of God's children below. They are far from the homes of their childhood and the graves of their kindred. They need sympathy and tenderness. Brethren, be kind to them, for the sake of your dead pastor, and the God of the fatherless and widow will bless you; and when your dear ones are left orphaned, He may raise up friends for them.

And now, dear brethren, farewell!—a long, long farewell! We meet again no more on earth. Shall we not meet in Heaven? Will you not "meet me at the river, the beautiful river, that flows hard by the throne of God?" Oh, meet me! meet me! meet me! Then "fare ye well, and if forever, still forever, fare ye well!" And the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all evermore. Amen.

I respectfully, but positively, insist, that this letter must not be published in any newspaper. If desired, it may be printed for the private use of the congregation, but it is too sacred to appear in the public prints.

I am, dear brethren, dying as well as living,

Your loving Pastor,

T. V. MOORE.

PAPER ADOPTED BY THE SESSION OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NASHVILLE.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased God to take to Himself in glory our beloved Pastor, the Rev. T. V. MOORE, D. D., therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we recognize in this providence the hand of our Father in Heaven; and we humbly bow to the will of Him whose ways are mercy and faithfulness; and whose chastenings are in love.

2. That in the death of Dr. Moore the Church on earth has lost a faithful ambassador of Christ; the Presbyterian Church is bereaved of one of her most gifted sons, and wisest leaders; the First Presbyterian Church of this city, mourns a powerful preacher, and devoted Pastor taken away from a people, who loved him both for his own and his works' sake.

3. That we, as officers of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, after being associated with him for near three years, bear testimony to his ability as a preacher, his faithfulness as a Pastor, his wisdom as a ruler in God's house and the singular beauty and purity of his life as an example to the flock; and we do remember with melancholy pleasure our intercourse with him in his public and social relations, praying that we may follow him as he followed Christ.

4. That we give hearty thanks to God for the good hand with which He led our dear Pastor all his days endowing him with great talents and piety, enabling him to live a life of patient usefulness, and self-denying, successful service, developing in him a christian character so symmetrical, administering

to him abundant consolation and peace in death, and through grace bringing him to glory. And we thank God for the ministry of our Pastor in our midst.

5. That we deeply sympathize with the family of our dear Pastor in their sore affliction, confidently commending them to the same gracious Saviour, whom he loved and served, and who hath rewarded him gloriously.

PAPER ADOPTED BY THE SESSION OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, RICHMOND.

At a meeting of the Session of the First Presbyterian Church, Richmond, convened in consequence of the intelligence received of the death of Rev. T. V. Moore, D. D., the following paper was adopted:

It has been announced to the Session, that the Rev. T. V. Moore, D. D., died this morning at his residence in Nashville, Tennessee. For more than twenty years he served this Church as pastor, with pre-eminent fidelity and success, winning for himself the affection of his people and the admiration of all classes of the community. To a scholarship accurate and elegant he added the graces of private life, and adorned every station which he was called to fill, with his deep-toned and thorough piety. He has left to us the monuments of his untiring energy and persistent industry, and has enriched the

literature of the Church by contributions both varied and valuable. We have reason to remember the fidelity of his ministration of the gospel to us, and do now record our appreciation of the irreparable loss which the Church has sustained in the removal of one so prominent in her councils, so beloved by his brethren, and so deservedly successful as a preacher of the gospel. The unusual gifts with which he was endowed served largely to adorn the piety for which he was eminent. We feel that we have reason to be chief mourners in the bereavement which has befallen the Church at large, and can only say in the depth of our sorrow: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away."

We reiterate in this expression of our grief, the testimony given when his relation to us was dissolved: "He has been to us a patient and gentle teacher, a kind and judicious counselor, and by his prudence, humility and firmness has secured the confidence and affection of the people of his charge from the youngest to the oldest, with a unanimity and to an extent seldom attained."

In tendering to the stricken family and to the bereaved Church our abiding sympathy in this great grief, which is theirs and ours, we offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, 1. That we recognize the hand of God in the life and in the death of our lamented brother, who was endowed with every grace and gift, which could qualify him for usefulness in the visible Church on earth, and fit him for the glories of the Church invisible in heaven.

2. That we unite with his many friends in this Church and community in the expression of our regret, that he was not permitted to realize the hope of once more seeing us in the flesh, to praise our God together on earth; but that we cherish the glorious hope that brightens as earth grows dark, that he and his dear flock may all be gathered into the fold of the great Shepherd, to part no more forever.

3. That our warmest sympathies are reserved for the bereaved family, and that we will ever cherish them with the liveliest affection, and commend them to the tender ministry of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter.

4. That a copy of this paper be furnished to the family and to the Session of the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville.

By order of Session.

WM. P. MUNFORD, Clerk.

From the Nashville Christian Advocate, Rev. T. O. Summers, D. D., Editor.

At five o'clock in the afternoon (of Saturday, Aug. 5,) the pastors and other ministers of Nashville held a meeting in the church—Dr. Young (Methodist) being called to the chair, and Dr. Baird (Cumberland Presbyterian Church) was appointed Secretary. After prayer, spontaneous tributes of respect and affection were borne to the memory of the deceased, by ministers of the various Communions, testifying to the great learning, wisdom, humility, meekness, gentleness, catholicity, zeal, and usefulness, of this distinguished servant of Christ. The following preamble and resolutions were offered by the editor of the Christian Advocate, and unanimously adopted;

WHEREAS, It has pleased the great Head of the Church to remove from his sphere of usefulness in the kingdom of grace to his rest and reward in the kingdom of glory, our beloved brother, the Rev. T. V. MOORE, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, whose departure took place at half past one o'clock this morning; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the pastors and other ministers of Nashville,

1. That we bow with calm submission to the will of Him whose dispensations are ordered with infinite wisdom, power, and love.

2. That we gratefully recognize the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in raising up our deceased brother, counting him faithful,

and putting him into the ministry, and endowing him with extraordinary qualifications for the work to which he was called, enabling him to develop the meekness and gentleness of Christ, a kind and catholic spirit, with great zeal and devotion to the Master's cause, giving him unwonted success in his holy work, sustaining him in his prolonged afflictions, and signalizing the closing scenes of his life with wonderful tranquillity, triumphant faith and the full assurance of hope, and finally, as we cannot doubt, ministering unto him abundantly an entrance into His everlasting kingdom.

3. That with chastened sorrow we bemoan his comparatively early decease as a great loss to the Church at large, and especially do we sympathize with the Church and congregation of which he was the beloved and devoted Pastor, praying that He who has translated their Elijah may send them a successor upon whom shall be his mantle and a double portion of his spirit.

4. That we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved widow and family of our deceased brother, and devoutly pray our Heavenly Father that as His wisdom has dealt the blow, His grace may enable them to bear it with uncomplaining submission, adoring trust, and inspiring hope.

5. That we will attend as a body the funeral of our deceased brother, to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock.

6. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of Dr Moore, and to the newspapers of Nashville for publication.

With his characteristic modesty, Dr. Moore had forbidden any funeral-sermon to be preached over his remains—an injunction which we are not sure would not have been more honored in the breach than in the observance—but his wishes were complied with—the officers of the Church bore the corpse on Sunday afternoon to the sanctuary which he loved so well—an immense congregation being in attendance. The obsequies—consisting of hymns, prayers, and the reading of a judicious selection of Scriptures used by himself on funeral occasions—were performed by the Rev. Mr. Anderson, (his assistant) the Rev. Drs. Hoyt, McNeilly, and Rice, and the editor of the Christian Advocate. The hymns sung on the occasion were, we believe

the favorites of Dr. Moore—"Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings"—"How firm a foundation"—"Jesus lover of my soul"—"Just as I am"—all indicating the evangelical fervor of his spirit. The sacred remains were then conveyed to Mount Olivet Cemetery—where he wished to be buried—to await the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, which shall "awake the nations under ground," when that body shall be changed by the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall fashion it like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.

Among the many tributes of affection which have been called forth by the death of Dr. Moore, the following from the pen of a life long friend, Rev. S. J. P. Anderson, D. D., of St. Louis, Missouri, has been selected for its beautiful, appropriate, and heartfelt utterances:

Rev. T. V. MOORE, D. D.

We are informed by telegraph of the death of this eminent and honored servant of Christ.

His known state of health had prepared the public for this sad intelligence and thousands of loving hearts had stayed themselves on the promises of God in preparation for the inevitable blow. But even this assured anticipation fails to divest the sad occurrence of a startling effect that follows the announcement that we are not to hear his eloquent voice any more on earth, and that his loving heart so ready to respond to the calls of public or private interest, is forever still.

I claim a very large part in the general grief that follows this bereavement. Our acquaintance began in college, and for more than a quarter of a century it has been unbroken by a single jar, and has been as intimate and confidential as falls to the lot of those who are one in views and purpose and whose friendship is cemented and hallowed by the common joys and sorrows of ministerial life. I claim then to lay this tribute of esteem and affection on the newly made grave of the friend of my youth, the companion of my manhood, with whom I have taken sweet counsel in the shades of that enforced silence to which failing health had driven us both.

In recalling his career in the ministry, we are struck with the complete fulfillment of the brilliant promise of his college course which is afforded by his subsequent career in the pulpit. His fine scholarship, great diligence, and profound piety led all who knew him to anticipate for him a place in the front rank of the preachers of the gospel. And he assumed this place at the very beginning of his work. In Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Richmond, Virginia, and Nashville, Tennessee, he vindicated his claim to be a Prince in Israel and the vast multitudes who have been entranced by the magic of his utterance, will cordially respond to the assertion that he has left few equals behind him. Indeed he combined qualities generally separated and often considered antagonistic. He was almost equally distinguished for strength and beauty, and was well nigh as powerful with the pen as in the pulpit. While he was making full proof of his ministry, and seeming to devote all his energies to that peculiar work, he was writing reviews and books that attracted admiring attention not only in his own country but abroad. He would have been noted as a writer and a scholar, but his chief

hold on the popular mind was formed and nourished in the sacred desk. It was as a preacher that he will be remembered. The gospel from his lips was salvation set to music. The sweetness and pathos of his voice, the nobleness of his person, the grasp and solidity of his thought, and above all the burning zeal of his heart for souls and for the Master, combined to make him a workman that needed not to be ashamed. And the Great Head of the Church signally sealed his ministrations by the conversion of many who are now stars in the crown of his rejoicing, and which shall shine with unusual brilliancy in that day. His work was well and nobly done, and it is difficult for one who has shared his toil and sufferings to suppress the wish to share with him, even now, the rest that he has with the people of God.

A delicate regard for the sacred privacy of domestic life forbids any minute delineation of his private relations. But his great excellence as a husband, father, and pastor will long remain enshrined in the hearts that are now bleeding for his loss.

These will I trust consider it no intrusion to claim a part in their overwhelming sorrow.

S. J. P. Anderson.

St. Louis, Aug. 7, 1871.